

Stumbling Into Something by **Luddleston**

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Summary:

Patroclus' voice was hushed, with the tremulous giddiness of a child who was about to be caught with a hand stuffed into a jar of treats. "Haha, wait, someone's coming—"

Zagreus walks in on a private moment, and to his surprise and delight, gets asked to stick around.

Stumbling Into Something

Author's Note:

listen i reunited the tragic greek hero husbands and i needed this in my life. ahem. ok.

Also, the contrast between this and my last Achilles/Pat/Zag fic is WILD, I hadn't even met Patroclus when I wrote that one so he doesn't talk much because A. nobody talks much in that fic, and B. I had no idea what his voice should read like.

There's a lot more talking in this one because I love Patroclus, he's my favorite weird sassy man.

Patroclus' voice was hushed, with the tremulous giddiness of a child who was about to be caught with a hand stuffed into a jar of treats. "Haha, wait, someone's coming—"

Zagreus couldn't hear Achilles' reply, as soft and muffled as his voice was, but whatever it was made Patroclus laugh again, a sound Zagreus hadn't heard often before. He was pleased to his core and so excited with the prospect of seeing them both that he rushed toward them, skipping every other step on the little staircase that led to the upper part of the chamber where Patroclus had once spent his time resting alone.

It wasn't so anymore, and it wasn't until Zagreus found the two of them wrapped up in one another that he realized he might have been walking into something.

Achilles was sprawled on his back, Patroclus bent over him, both their spears propped up and forgotten a few yards away. Zagreus froze, arrested and frozen in place by the image of Achilles like this. His face was so red he might have been mortal again, his hair askew and his headband crooked, eyes gone glossy from whatever Patroclus had been doing to him.

"I. Uh. Sorry, sirs," he said, looking desperately at the doors on the opposite side of the chamber and hoping they'd open, letting him rush off to run headlong into the giant butterfly ball, or something.

Achilles sat up, nudging Patroclus back, carefully arranging his cloak over his legs so that Zagreus could not see much below his waist. He cleared his throat although, being dead, he could have nothing caught in it in the first place. "It's no trouble, lad," he said, despite the fact that Zagreus had so very clearly caught them amidst what would have become lovemaking if he hadn't... oh, gods.

Patroclus was the only one who managed to look unembarrassed, his attention flickering between Achilles and Zagreus, a slow smile spreading across his face. He rested a hand on Achilles' knee, before gesturing Zagreus over to sit beside them as he often did, except that it usually was not preceded by, uh. This.

"I don't have to stick around and chat, you know, if you two were..." he grasped for a word, his vocabulary deserting him, the traitor, "...engaged." Not quite right, but he hadn't said 'fucking,' so he counted it as a success.

"We were, but I, for one, don't mind the interruption. I'm sure Achilles feels much the same, do you not?"

"Of course," Achilles said, surprising Zagreus with his lack of hesitation. He'd expected Achilles to want to be left alone, especially as he'd only very recently been reunited with his lover, and, oh, Zagreus felt like he was overstepping terribly once again. Achilles leaned into Patroclus' side, putting an arm around his waist as he addressed Zagreus once more.

Zagreus was not listening to the question, because Patroclus had brushed Achilles' hair off his neck, so that he might kiss him there, somehow both intimate and performative simultaneously. Like he *wanted* Zagreus to watch.

"Sorry, sir, what was that?"

Achilles shrugged Patroclus off, breathless laughter bubbling from his lips. "You're incorrigible," he admonished, elbowing Patroclus in the side. There was a glimmer of wetness on his skin from Patroclus' mouth, and Zagreus almost didn't hear him repeat the question. "How has this latest attempt at escape treated you?"

"Oh, it's been... fine..." Zagreus struggled to think of literally anything that was not the fact that Patroclus was unfastening Achilles' cloak, letting it drop. Someone should have warned him that he had a thing for men with broad shoulders. Oh, right, the years on years of fantasizing about his mentor should've done that. "Ran into Alecto, so that stung—nothing the fountain couldn't fix, though."

Achilles looked him over from head to toe, checking to see if he'd picked up any more injuries on the way, most likely. When Zagreus caught his eyes, he glanced away, as though he was observing the scenery instead.

"You've no need to worry about me, sir." *No need to pretend like he wasn't doing it, either.* "I think I'll make it all the way past Father this time, if Theseus doesn't run me down with that chariot."

"I wasn't worried, lad. I know you'll do me proud," Achilles said, and Zagreus had to hide his huge, dopey grin behind his hand. He fussed with his hair unnecessarily, just to give his suddenly-fidgety hands something to do, and only succeeded in sending it into further disarray.

"I'll do my best." Zagreus let himself enjoy the usual flutter of pride whenever Achilles complimented him, and then was almost immediately distracted by the sight of Patroclus' hand on Achilles' thigh, trailing inward and up, leaving bare skin in the wake of his caress.

Achilles hadn't seen the sun in ages, but if you looked at the bronze of his skin, you'd hardly guess it. It was all too easy to imagine him and Patroclus on a lazy afternoon, stretched out under a late summer sky, all but bare, twined together, sweating but in a pleasant way, flushed with exertion and with...

Zagreus blinked as one of the less deadly butterflies of Elysium deigned to alight on the very tip of his nose, the flutter of its periwinkle wings matching the patter of Zag's heart.

Patroclus laughed again, and gods, the sound of it was even more intoxicating up close. Zagreus swore he'd yet to come across Dionysus this run, and yet he found himself dizzy and half-drunk anyway. Patroclus leaned in, waving the insect away. It didn't go far, landing on Zagreus' shoulder instead.

"You seem quite irresistible, my prince, even to the wildlife around here," Patroclus remarked, tapping the tip of Zagreus' nose right where the butterfly had landed.

Given the opportunity, Zagreus would very much deny ever making the undignified sputtering noise that left his mouth.

"Don't tease him, love," Achilles said, laying a hand on Patroclus' forearm, a placating gesture that Zagreus had seen his mother apply to his father at times. It didn't seem to work so well on Patroclus, who truly was as incorrigible as Achilles had called him, and who reached out to trace his knuckles down Zagreus' cheek.

"It isn't teasing if it's a genuine compliment, Achilles." He curled his finger below Zagreus' chin, lifting it as if to get a proper look at him. "You must have noticed."

Desire squirmed inside Zagreus, an urge he was familiar with denying, after all his wayward youthful affections for Achilles continued plaguing him long after adolescence. There was no hesitation in Achilles' face now, though, unlike when Zagreus offered him nectar and Achilles had admitted that his heart belonged to another. The 'another' in question was leaning away from Zagreus, his touch fading like a whisper as he turned to say something into Achilles' ear that Zagreus couldn't have heard if he tried. The rush in his head was too loud. Patroclus' hand was on Achilles' thigh now. He had two fingers below the hem of Achilles' chiton. No, three now.

Achilles turned his head, and for a moment, Zagreus thought he was merely going to respond to whatever query Patroclus had whispered in his ear. Instead, he kissed Patroclus, the angle showing off the sharpness of his jaw, the bob of his throat as he drank his lover in, an act of affection that was so deeply intimate Zagreus knew at once that he was witnessing something normally of the utmost privacy.

His hands twisted in the lush grass beneath him. Patroclus had four fingers below Achilles' hem, only his thumb smoothing over the fabric. Achilles moaned, and all the breath left Zagreus' lungs at once.

For a moment, as the two of them separated, they had eyes only for each other, their mouths still tasting one another.

And then, Achilles turned to Zagreus. "All right, lad?" he asked, like he had so many times when he'd knocked Zagreus on his ass in training. Back then, it meant 'are you willing to keep going?'

Now...

Well, the meaning had not changed, simply the context.

He swallowed, exhaled through his nose, and slowly, nodded. "Yes."

"Want to know what you nearly caught us doing?" Patroclus asked.

Gods, did he ever. "If you don't tell me, I'll be resigned to imagining it once I have some time to myself, and that won't be half as good." It was bold of him, probably overstepping some sort of boundary, but the risk paid off—Patroclus smiled wide, devilish.

"Well, we can't have that." The whole of his hand disappeared below Achilles' skirt.

Zagreus glanced away, at Achilles' face, his eyes going wide because he'd been expecting Patroclus to *tell him*, you know, with words. Instead, he received a demonstration, and he had to stop to ask, "wait, Achilles, is this okay...?"

"Oh, yes," Achilles said, his eyes heavy-lidded and half-closed, the heat rising in his cheeks as he took in the image of Zagreus watching them.

He couldn't quite see the whole of Patroclus' hand moving, but the motion was clear enough for Zagreus to know he was stroking Achilles' cock, slow and teasing, as he kissed Achilles' neck and jaw. Zagreus wondered how that felt—he'd never been kissed by anybody with a beard before. Zagreus could feel his own pulse speeding up, an itch in him to put himself in Patroclus' place, to get his hands on Achilles, to draw those *noises* from him, so soft they could almost be lost to the still Elysium air.

"You know, I do see one problem," Patroclus said, removing his hand, which made Achilles cry out in frustration and clutch at Patroclus' shoulder. "A moment, love, you're still far too overdressed."

"If I am, then so are you," Achilles argued.

"From where I stand, you both are," Zagreus said, trying to shift subtly into a seated position that took pressure off his cock, which was becoming increasingly hard and uncomfortable in the confines of his leggings. Patroclus didn't miss it for a second, looking directly at Zagreus' lap and not even making the slightest attempt to hide the direction in which his gaze fell.

Achilles already had his hands on Patroclus, clearly practiced at removing his clothing. "Can't have that," he said, echoing Patroclus' earlier sentiment. He was so accustomed to the task at hand, in fact, that he didn't need to look away from Zagreus to complete it. Despite the fact that they were the ones undressing, Zagreus felt somewhat exposed—he'd never been quite able to keep his emotions off his face, and he knew he was betraying his interest in half a dozen ways already.

Zagreus felt a ludicrous urge to check over his shoulder for Hypnos just to ensure this wasn't a dream. The two of them *looked* like a dream, reclining on their shed clothing as though it was the most expensive bedding one could ask for. Patroclus urged Achilles to spread out, passing his hands over every inch of Achilles' skin, making Zag's hands itch with how much he wanted to feel all that bare skin.

Not a one of Zagreus' passing fantasies could compare to the image of Achilles sprawled beneath his lover, pushing into every touch. Together, they were breathtaking, Patroclus' dark skin against Achilles' bronze, both of them so perfectly formed they could have been gods themselves, except for the little scars and marks of past mortality they bore.

Achilles sank his hands into Patroclus' hair and tugged him into a kiss, more forceful than their last, lust overlaying the affection. Zagreus had to bite his lip through a whine of sheer *longing* that bubbled up from his throat. Their mouths, their hands, *anything*.

They were so close, he could just reach out and—

"No touching," Patroclus said, firm but without malice, as he caught Zagreus' hand before it made contact with his shoulder.

Even just that made him shudder, and he always had been weak to being commanded to do anything. "Yes, sir."

"Good lad," Achilles said, his voice rasping more than usual. Zagreus had to snatch his hand back from Patroclus to shove it over his mouth to stifle the loud moan that particular compliment drew from him. He *ached* for them.

"Does 'no touching' apply to me touching myself, as well?" Zagreus asked, desperately hoping the answer was no.

Patroclus considered for a moment, then gave his attention to Achilles. "What do you think?"

"Yes, I think it does," Achilles said.

"Sir, please—"

"If you manage to keep your hands to yourself, I imagine we'll find a way to reward you suitably," Patroclus said, giving Achilles' cock another languorous stroke, perhaps demonstrating what this 'reward' may have entailed. Gods, if it got both their hands on him...

He was not, by nature, a patient creature, but he could ignore that for a moment if this would be his reward.

Achilles thrust into Patroclus' grip and Zagreus nearly forgot that promise, because he wanted nothing more than to shove his leggings out of the way and get his hand around himself. No, no, waiting on the two of them would be better, but gods, the way Achilles moved made every inch of Zagreus' being burn, like his feet had caught fire to the rest of him.

"Already so close," Patroclus said, "and I've hardly done more than touch. Is it that he's watching? Does that so arouse you, my love?"

Zagreus expected Achilles to deny it, or perhaps to avoid answering entirely, anything except for his breathless gasp of, "yes. Yes, it does. *Zagreus.*"

"*Achilles,*" Zagreus responded in kind, clutching tight to the hem of his own clothing to keep his hands still.

Patroclus hadn't been wrong, Achilles was close, the head of his cock wetting with pre-come. Patroclus collected a drop of it on his thumb and extended his hand to Zagreus, prompting him to taste. It did nothing to satisfy his want, only made him overflow with desire all the more, wishing he could get his mouth on Achilles, taste this salt and musk at its source. He allowed his touch to linger, licking over the pad of Patroclus' thumb, curling his tongue until Patroclus moved his hand away again, not before pressing down on Zagreus' tongue as if he was ordering him to stay.

"The two of you," Achilles said, which would have sounded like admonishment if he wasn't sitting up to kiss Patroclus again, if he wasn't looking at Zag with heat in his eyes as though he was wishing for Zagreus' mouth on him just as much.

Patroclus separated their kiss to talk sweet to his lover, the contents of which were particularly relevant to Zagreus. "Should I tell him how much you've wanted this?" he asked, "how you gush about your student, and how the praise you sing of him often drifts from his martial skill to how *lovely*

he is, kind and warm and endlessly charming. How I asked if you desired him, and you barely had to think before admitting, yes."

The breath caught in Zagreus' chest—he'd been picturing this encounter as something spontaneous, something that just so happened to spring to Patroclus and Achilles' minds when he wandered upon them. Instead, apparently, Achilles had been wanting him, for who knows how long.

Then, Patroclus' focus shifted. "And, my prince, should I tell *Achilles* how you'd do anything within your power to make him happy for even just a moment, and a few things outside your power, as well. Or perhaps how you blush when I notice you're carrying his shield or wearing that bracer he gave you, what about that?"

Patroclus, as it turned out, was highly perceptive and Zagreus felt as if his heart had climbed into his throat. "I..."

"Look at him," Patroclus urged.

"Oh, gods," Zagreus breathed, more of a literal prayer than he wanted it to be, as he watched Patroclus bring Achilles off with practiced motions, watched Achilles savor every touch, ridding himself of all self-consciousness and fucking into Patroclus' fist. Zagreus wanted that *in him*, knew he could make the both of them feel so incredible. He'd be so *good* for Achilles, if he could only just...

Achilles came while crying out, "*Zagreus*," again, and Zag was wracked with yet another overwhelming wave of arousal at the sound of *his name* from his beloved mentor's lips at his moment of greatest pleasure. His hands balled into fists, nearly shaking from the effort it took to keep them off his own body.

Achilles noted this, thank the gods, and made a soft noise of pity as he sat up, reaching out to touch Zagreus' cheek, even just that simple brush of his fingertips making Zagreus' eyes shutter closed. "Oh, we've worked him into such a state," he said to Patroclus, his thumb sliding across Zagreus' lower lip, where it came away wet from the way Zagreus had been salivating over the both of them. "Look at me, that's it."

When Zagreus opened his eyes, Achilles was smiling at him, a lazy sort of pleasure on his face as he enjoyed the aftereffects of orgasm. *"Please."* His vocabulary had been reduced to a single word.

"Of course, lad, we'll take care of you," Achilles said, the tenderness in his voice making Zagreus' whole body shake.

"I suppose you did uphold your end of the bargain," Patroclus agreed. "Achilles, how do you undo this...?"

At this point, Zagreus was less than coherent, so Achilles knew the clasps to his armor better than Zagreus himself did. He released the pauldron with ease, its three heads falling softly to the grass below him, his belt following. They didn't bother with any of his armbands, as these were not necessary to remove, and Zagreus shrugged off everything but his leggings. Achilles unbuckled his greaves, while Patroclus ran his fingers along the inner seam of Zagreus' leggings, his thumb rubbing at the wet spot where the head of his cock had leaked through the fabric.

Just that touch unsteadied him enough that Zagreus had to grasp at Patroclus' shoulder, and Achilles clicked his tongue admonishingly at his lover. "Pat, don't tease him any longer."

"He goes easy on you," Patroclus said to Zagreus, who laughed.

"He really, really doesn't."

Achilles made a little hum of agreement, finishing with Zagreus' greaves and setting them aside.

"I wonder," Patroclus mused, "if I touch your feet, will you burn me?"

Zagreus shook his head, words trapped because he'd bitten his lip as Achilles began easing down his leggings. He had to stand to get them all the way off, stepping out of one leg and then the other, still half-balancing himself on Patroclus' shoulder.

Patroclus cupped the back of Zagreus' knee, tugging hard and pulling him off-balance so that he dropped straight into Patroclus' lap. If the grin on Patroclus' face was any indication, this was exactly the outcome he had been wanting. Patroclus only had a hand on his hip, now, but even that much skin-on-skin contact was enough to deeply satiate the part of his heart that had been swelling with longing this entire time.

"Come here, lad, I simply must," Achilles said, and it took Zagreus a long moment to realize that Achilles was requesting a kiss. As soon as he caught on, though, he sank a hand into Achilles' hair, the thick curls of spun-gold just as luxurious under his fingers as he'd imagined them, and brought his lips to Achilles', bone-deep satisfaction settling in as he fulfilled years of fantasies.

Achilles was gentle with him, licking into his mouth slow, with the relaxed air of someone who had already satisfied his arousal, taking Zagreus' fervid pace down a notch. He stroked the back of Zagreus' neck as he kissed him, deliberate gentleness, as though Zagreus might balk at a firmer touch. He'd probably lean into it, actually.

As soon as Achilles released him, Patroclus was there, urging him to turn his head for another kiss, this one with much more intention and fire than Achilles'. His beard scratched pleasantly, and both his hands grasped at Zagreus' waist, pulling him in so that his cock ground against Patroclus', making Zagreus gasp into his mouth. Achilles had slotted up behind him, his chest pressed to Zagreus' back, and his mouth on Zagreus' neck, kissing too gently to bruise (although, Zagreus wouldn't have minded the alternative. Coming away with a mark, a reminder that this had happened, was... he'd like it).

Zagreus rocked his hips, grinding himself against Patroclus in a steady rhythm, as steady as he could keep it, at least. The pressure was almost enough to make him come already, and he whispered as much against Patroclus' mouth as soon as his tongue wasn't otherwise occupied.

"Good," Patroclus said. "Me, too. The way you move against me, it makes me wish you were riding my cock. I know you'd be so good for me." He

said it with a sort of self-satisfaction, like he knew it'd bring Zagreus that much closer to the edge, and he was right.

"I... gods, I can't... the two of you—" Zagreus tried to form a coherent sentence, but apparently that was beyond him.

Achilles, blessedly, understood, pressing a soothing kiss to the nape of Zagreus' neck. "It's alright, lad, we've got you. You've done so well, here, like this." He urged Zagreus to lean back against him as he reached between the two of them, his hand around both of them at once, stroking them off as Zagreus melted against him, his muscle no longer obeying his mind's commands. There was nothing he could do but let Achilles hold him and bring him off in slow, steady strokes as Patroclus leaned in to kiss Achilles over Zagreus' shoulder. He was allowed to just *be* between the two of them, surrounded by their love for one another, filled with their affection for him.

He came with Achilles telling him how good he was for them, how they adored him, their prince, their reason they had an eternity to spend together. Patroclus leaned in to kiss him and Zagreus accepted it, sloppy and ungraceful but enough to make Patroclus come, a rush of heat over Zagreus' belly and hip.

"You look pleased with yourself," Achilles told Patroclus, who was indeed grinning, a look Zagreus rarely saw on him. It was lovely, the lines creasing around his eyes proving that the man had smiled some in life, at least, the corners of his mouth marked with dimples.

"I am," Patroclus agreed, "I feel quite accomplished. Certainly, there is no way the two of you would have come together on your own, and I greatly enjoy the benefits."

"That much is obvious, sir," Zagreus said, finding use of his tongue.

"Ah, you can't simply enjoy the afterglow without sassing me, can you," Patroclus sighed. "What a pity. I'm sure you'll have to spend more time here, with us, we absolutely can't send you back into the fray like that."

"I'm fine!" Zagreus protested, "I'm good. Better than good, really."

Achilles pressed his face into Zagreus' neck, the arm around his chest holding him in a tighter embrace for just a moment. "Allow us the selfishness of holding onto you a moment longer, lad."

That much, he could abide by. If his father waited on him a little longer, it'd only be amusing to hear him complain about being so late. He could hear it now. *I thought Hermes was lending you aid, one would think you wouldn't take hours.* He chuckled, and made no effort to move. "All right, then. You've tempted me. I've found your corner of Elysium quite hospitable thus far."

"As you should," Patroclus agreed, "you are always quite welcome here."